

EVA looks at the chair and returns to it.

ORGANIZER: Stay!

ORGANIZER exits.

FAITH: *Still reading, Remember that we always love and think of you. Always. No matter what. Mutti. She starts to play the mouth organ.*

EVA: *Listening to the heel of her shoe, Yes. It is. It's ticking. She tries to twist the heel. I need to know the time. Come on. She twists again with much more effort. Nothing shifts. She holds the heel to her ear and shakes it. My gold rings. I want to try on my new rings. She takes off the other shoe. My chain. I can wear it now. For the first time I can wear it out on top of my clothes. She thwacks the heels against the side of the chair. Mutti, you were right about Herr Reichman. He is a very reliable cobbler who doesn't know how to make a faulty shoe. He's locked in my keepsakes, the gold presents from you and Vati. I'll never get them now. Putting the shoe back on. They'll just be there in my shoes, jangling and ticking away, with me walking on them forever and ever. What good's a watch when you can't see its face.*

LIL enters.

FAITH: I will put the things away ...

LIL: You said that before.

FAITH: I'm just about to.

LIL: What about tea?

FAITH: I don't want any.

EVA: *Standing up, Goodbye to you.*

LIL: To EVA, Poor lamb. You must be exhausted. Scared

as well probably. Last thing you need is me being late. Never trust a train. I really am sorry.

EVA stands and bows.

← **START** (EVA SPEAK ENGLISH TRANSLATION)

EVA: Goodbye to you.

LIL: Goodbye?

EVA: Goodbye.

LIL: Who taught you English? German teacher was it? Holds out her hand. Hello.

EVA holds out her hand.

LIL: Shaking EVA's hand, Hello.

EVA: Carefully, Hello.

LIL: Speaking slowly, My name is Mrs. Miller. Lil Miller.

EVA: Sehr erfreut. [Translation: I'm pleased to meet you.]

LIL: I'm sorry, love. Don't speak German. You'll have to learn English. Points to EVA's case and gestures "out." Set to go then?

EVA picks up her case, puts on her coat and stands ready.

LIL: Pointing at the label with the number and Star of David on it., What's this?

EVA: Ach, das ist blöd. [Translation: I hate it.]

LIL: Why don't we get rid of it?

EVA hesitates.

LIL: You don't need it on now I've come.

EVA: Und wenn ich meine Nummer vergesse?  
[Translation: What if I forget my number?]

LIL takes the label off.

LIL: All gone. *She puts the label on the chair.*

EVA: *Hesitating, Ist das denn wirklich erlaubt? [Translation: Are you sure that you can do that?]*

LIL: *Gesturing, Over. Finished. Done. Goodbye. Yes. That's the word. Goodbye.*

EVA: Ach so. *[Translation: I understand.]*

LIL takes her hand.

LIL: I like you. Come on. D'you like singing? *She sings a swatch of "Runaway Train."* Train to Manchester. Our carriage is reserved. Sit down there. And don't put your feet on the seats. Doing all right? *She takes out a packet of cigarettes and starts to light up. EVA looks horrified.*

EVA: Weshalb, rauchen Sie denn? Sowas tut man doch nicht. *[Translation: You can't smoke. It's a dirty habit.]*

LIL: Don't you like smoking?

EVA: Nur primitive Menschen rauchen. *[Translation: Only common people smoke.]*

LIL: You'll just have to get used to it.

EVA: Davon werden die Finger gelb, wie 'ne Totenhand. *[Translation: It makes your fingers go yellow and boney.]*

LIL: What you on about? Look. *She takes out a cigarette. This is a cigarette. I light it. She lights it. I smoke it. She takes a drag. Oh, that's good. And I enjoy it. You'll have to learn to go down the shops and get my twenty Players for me... That can be the first English you learn.*

EVA: *Miming, Kann ich mal probieren? [Translation: Can*

*I have a go?]*

LIL: Didn't your mum ever tell you that it's bad for children to smoke?

EVA: *Pleading, Ach, bitte! [Translation: Please.]*

LIL: You're a naughty girl, you.

EVA: *Pleading, Nur ein einziges Mal! [Translation: Just one try?]*

LIL: *Holding the cigarette out to her, A quickie then.*

*EVA draws on the cigarette and coughs.*

LIL: Away from home, out in the world two minutes and already you're smoking like a chimney.

EVA: I have hunger.

LIL: Should have said before. *She looks at her watch. Five minutes. All right. Wait there! She rushes off.*

EVA: Frau Lil! Frau Lil! Lassen Sie mich nich allein! Womöglich fährt der Zug ab! Ich habe nicht mal eine Fahrkarte! Bitte Bleiben Sie hier! Wo sind Sie denn! Ich weiss ja nicht, wie ich mit jemandem reden soll. Was soll ich denn machen! *[Translation: Frau Lil! Frau Lil! Don't leave me! The train might go! I don't even have my ticket! Please come back!]* Looks. *{Where are you! I don't know how to talk to anyone. What'll I do!}*

*The whistle blows.*

EVA: Hilfe! Hilfe! Keiner kümmert sich um mich! *[Translation: Help! Help! No one's looking after me!]*

*LIL rushes in holding large piece of cake.*

LIL: Stop fretting and eat your Madeira cake.